

#7 FIGHT SCENE:

ohhello dear reader

lets give yet another overview of this little zine here
fightscene is an open political forum where writers of all political orientations can express their political, social & philosophical opinions. alot of people whine about the republican views expressed, but shut that shit up. democrats are supposed to be so open minded, but they write me letters telling me to not let beehler write. thats bullshit.

if we are supposed to be so open minded, how open minded would it be to shut out views we dont neecisarily agree with. i'm a moderate myself so even i dont agree with everything printed, but i print it anyway. why? because i'm open minded to many views, & i'm supportive of free thinking & i support people's wish to get their message out, yes even those nasty republicans.
in other words, if you have something serious to say, say it here. the only shit i throw out is raeist, sexist etc. so far my republicans have not done that. so what's the big deal?
for the people who dont bitch & moan:
thanks again for your loyal support & readership
thanks for your feedbaek, thanks for your sense of humor, & for your patient attention. without you this would not be worth it.

-peteramalamadingdong

to be published herin:
write to;

fightscene
12409 reeds
op ks 66209

or email me at:

deathmetalmanshotmail.com



PAGE 2wo

WE LOVE YOU SEXY #13!

Fate

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My land was bathed in light, I thrived all through the night
I remember when I was free, Those long lost centuries
Now my land is bare, An old man who lost his hair
My body's full of grime, My cities full of crime
I long for days of yore, Mankind has found the door
To bring my ultimate doom, The stances they assume
They wrench and pull and dig, Drill with an oil rig
Dump toxins in my blood, Lead way to the flood
Of fear that time must bring, Uncertainty to everything
The fate is not yet known, A fix that may be grown
To bring my body back, From fate that it has lacked
My time is now yet come, Have faith, don't be so glum
Fate may yet be wrought, If children will be taught
That I am not to fear, I am to be held dear
My time will be prolonged, And more may hear my song
But now I must retire, My doom's not yet so dire
Have heart and heed my call, Beware the ultimate fall

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Matthew Carlson
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quired/

Dreams

I have seen the light
I have lost the fight
My time is floating away
I have one last thing to say
I dream of things to come
And try to have some fun
But life has other plans
Holds me back with stronger hands
My eyes are blind with fear
I hear things I don't want to hear
My feelings fly away
I'll take my chances, come what may
Run headlong into the fire
Overcome by blind desire
To leave my current state
Possibly change my fate
My dreams come quicker now
I find that I've been found
My life is mine once more
I have opened the door
To achieve my fantasy
All I want is to be free

matthias carlson wrote the words on this page & i quite enjoyed reading them, as i hope you will too. try to uncover the meaning in them & they are actually rather good.
-pete

Max r4 00-12, r17, r22-32 (Missin

ftp://24.66.170.77/tmp/Photosh

IRREVERANCE GONE TOO FAR...

(THIS IS COMING FROM ME)

by now everyone at school has heard what happened to grant in mexico, but for my other readers i feel i should explain. Grant was in mexico with a big group & they were (i understand) all staying in the same hotel. grant accidentally locked himself out of his room, & could not get in. a friend of his led him down the hall to his room where, instead of going to the front desk to get another key, grant decided to use the balconies to climb over to his room. i know how stupid that sounds because it sounded stupid to me when i first heard it. but it was explained to me that each balcony was separated by a waist high concrete slab that one could, semi easily step over to the adjacent balcony. grant lost his balance on one of these & fell 8 stories. he was later declared dead at the hospital.

i don't care who you are, or what "group" you hang around with you cant just pass this one up. i dont care if you like jocks or not, you shouldn't want them dead, nor should you be happy whaen when they do. one person (i presume at our school) had a different opinion. he wrote out grant's story & submitted it tho darwinawards.com, a website ded dedicated to chronicling idiotic ways that people die. some of the people who are up there deserve it, such as one man drank gasoline mixed with milk in an attempt to get drunk cheap. he barfed on his fireplace & burned his house down. grant, however does not belong on this list. he made a bad choice, yes, but it was not so stupid that he was contributing to the gene pool by dying. he was a jock, yes, but he was unique among jocks, an artist & a poet. he was a charismatic person, & though i cannot say i knew him well, i can say he was well known. i dont care who you are, it isn't good, & by no means is it FUNNY, that we lost a guy like him. whoever posted grant's story on darwin awards, i hope you read me when isay, you have no idea how far fromm cool that is. this is no laughing matter, my friend. whoever posted that, needs to have a conversation with me.

-PETE

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the words on the following 2 pages are from micah davis weasel, a friend if mine from cali fornia. he writes more philosophically than you may be used to. but if you read into what he is saying, you get a whole lot of intense social commentary. read it, love it.

q -pete.

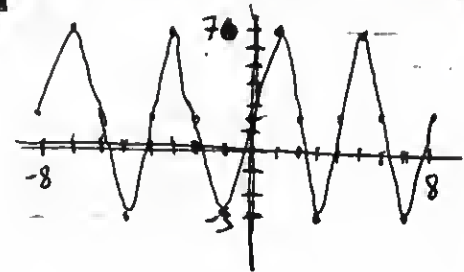
ps.

when micah sent me this article, it was very strangely packaged. igot a package in the mail shaped like a gun wrapped in masking tape. on the back it said "add your own tabasco sauce. i undid the first layer of tape & there was another layer on which a lot of things were written including "i will pretend to be no master of illusion. this is a taco" as i punctured that layer, i struck a flour tortilla filled with taco meat, cat food, trail mix, an orange, an a whole bulb of garlic. also there was a note that was so covered in grease that i could barely read it, & in a plastic bag, this article. i'm not shitting you, this guy is severely wierd.

ACTIVITY CORNER

last issues answer:petronas towers.

WRITE THE EQUATION FOR THE FOLLOWING GRAPH (USE COSINE)



3

MICAH DAVIS-WEASEL

hi kids, this is the self pitying sewer rat that
that sits around underneath a pile of pickle jars
and thinks utterly complex fucked up hypocritical
thoughts to himself and strains his eyes in a room
with no electricity to see what is going utterly
wrong with his fucked junk typerwriter now...
XX

wrong with his fucked junk typewriter now.
 the reason i am writing so lazily now is because i
 i was talking to a joshua tree the other day and
 by some accidental slip of the tongue god told me
the secret of life, wheras upon my joy and jubilee
 following this revelation i immediatley got drunk
 on accident and spent several hours in a toilet
 stall in longbeach california.,.,

so now being the constantly-halfway-remembering-
of the secret, of life idio-wierdo that i am i find
it necessary to spend most of my time wandering the
bohemian sidewalks of middle LA and a small amount
of my bit sized portion of time trying to barf up
in a comprehensable fashion the enlightened answer
to the all encompassing question that most of us
have asked ourselves this morning upon raising our
asses out of bed for some school or work illusion
and have promptly now forgotten with the site of
some donut or pastery treat (that would entice us
to sit at the breakfast table and watch television
commercials concerning purple plastic cel phone
mind vacuums that make dogfood of thesenses and
mush, mush, mush.....) and that my friends is why
i skip breakfast every morning and roam the streets
~~depressed, ravaging~~ depressed, ravaging.....

now, man i sit slouching on the cinderblock easy chair in my parental controlled teenage square pad and wonder how to break it to you that the meaning of life is so far beyond communication by words that it will surely result in my personal failure as a columnist for this publication and all other artistic bullshit methods by which i attempt to ramble the unrambleable, so my poor unfortunate punk audience out there has now learned why I am the self pitying weasel sewer rat: depressed to the point of pure spiritual exiliration, lost in a world of routine teeth pulling and pickle jars and vitamin c tablets...

(next) 4

After I did so, my cell mate introduced himself.

"Hello," he said in a Barry White plus fifteen packs a day voice, "my name is Senor Muerto. Ha ha ha ha ha ha!"

"My name is-" but the dude backhanded me and started trying to take my pants off.

"Help guard! Nesecito bailar! AHHHHHHHHH!"
A guard came up. "What iz transgressing
here?"

"This dude is trying to rape me!"

"Dude?"

"Hombre, man, hombre!"

"Well, dat iz acceptable to me, since you have befouled the Mayor's Wife."

"What did I do to the Mayor's Wife?"

The dude turned red, loosened his neck tie, and cleared his throat before he spoke. "It is too vile for me to speak, Gringo."

The guard left.

Suddenly, I'm hit with a hard-core case of the squirts. Not the runs, man, which aren't deadly to man or beast, but the squirts. A particular nasty strain of super hell-a-fied burning ass syndrome, brought on by Ma Raquel's Mexican disease stew.

I run to the shit hole (literally, a hole which is shat in) and proceed to fire volley after volley of thin-as-water, 'spray style' shit.

The smell was incredibly bad. It was as if a dead rotting skunk with bad breath had popped out of my ass and belched.

Senor Muerto gagged for a few minutes, then vomited from the stench. He called a guard, but the guard passed out when the wave of reekish filth stank hit him. Senor Muerto grabbed the keys off the unconscious guard, and opened the door, vomiting as he ran, cursing me.

I left as soon as I got my ass under control.

All the way back to the US border, I kept seeing wanted posters with my picture on it. There was only one reward: fifty million pesos, dead.

I'm done with Mexico. One International Incident per country is enough for anyone.

I need money: Cockroachbrian@hotmail.com
© 2001 Brian Koon

Beer and Skittles: I Spent Spring Break in a Mexican Prison

by Brian Koon: I got tattooed at "Jesus Bob's
Gangrenous Arm' tattoo parlor"

It's that incredible reprieve from academia that occurs in the period of time each spring when my life borders on clinical depression. Yes, that's right! I'm talking about Spring Break.

My girlfriend went to New Orleans with her best friend, and that left me in Lawrence, alone and bored.

So on the last Friday of school, I skipped all of my classes so I could grab my only fifteen bucks and hitch-hike to Mexico. It took me three days and one quick swim across the Rio Grande, but I was there, I was really there.

The first thing I decided to do was try out two semesters of College Spanish: I walked into a bar, and ordered 'Dos cervezas, por favor.'

I felt really great about drinking Mexican beer. So I had a smoke on a Mexican cigarette, and about ten more Mexican beers, I think.

* * *

When I woke up, the room was dark. There was a small window at the top of one cement wall, which allowed a sliver of light in. The room was about six feet square.

I sat up, and there, next to me on my cot, was an overweight desperado.

The guy was huge, must have weighed four-hundred pounds, and none of it (I can assure you) was muscle. This dude had a mustache the likes of which Guinness has never seen. That was about all I noticed of him.

Just then, the guard came in.

"Here iz your food, American Swine."

"Thanks," I say.

"For what you have done to mayor's wife, you will pay for in this life and the next," he says.

Then the dude left us with two bowls of what appeared to be refried gas-can chili soup back-fat sauce beans, and a cornbread muffin.

I was starving, and so chose to consume the bubbling paste.

Ok, so listen it is now clear to me that many of the other opinions in this zine are ~~pure~~ political and stuff about current issues and junk like that, which is cool, but it pisses me off every day when I see people that will bitch about society and the government but won't sit down for a minute and think things through enough to see things on the more personal level. ~~these people are~~

for instance, I know this big group of 'happ hop' dudes that always complain about the oppression of minorities in the USA and blame it on the republican party, and capitalist imperialists, etc, etc, their pissed because supposedly there is no respect for their 'people', yet these same dudes prowl around the school like bad asses and make fun of their 'hoes' in all degrading ways to themselves and everyone else around.....

obviously this is the same hypocrisy that they bitch about and 'stand against'. Most of us, including the weasel play these same games. we are always able to protest, but we don't care about how we ourselves act.... It's a whole fuckin barrel of laughs to write in some zine about the obscene defense budget and the bad tempered militaristic government but then we spend our days bitchin and moaning over idiotic ~~teanaged drama~~, the same drama push/shove control freak bullshit that turns into 'national crisis' as we become in control of more power as 'adults'

we need to think about the value of our own character before we try to shit on the breeze about what kind of government we want and these other hypothetical ponderings... this is reality and though it's not as fun to complain about the philosophical aspects and ~~mundane~~ junk of our lives, I think you need to represent your own bullshit before everyone else, and represent the ideals that you expect from others or else you do not have the right to place the blame. (unless you really wanna). ~~all that~~ it, the weasel has spoken.

comments, arguments, or love letters?
write weasel at: 703 South Lorraine Blvd
LA, CA 90005

Gojo says, "Oriental food tastes better when you use chopsticks."

GO AHEAD AND USE CHOPSTICKS ... THEY'RE FUN!

communists comics page
this is our new feature,
replacing jesus man. i will put in 2
political cartoons every issue until i have
a better idea.

-pete



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Quotations are compiled from press, TV and wire-service reports, as well as from NEWSWEEK correspondents.



"HUGH, YOU'VE EMBARRASSED US!"

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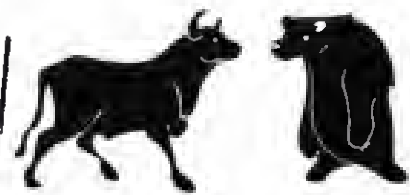
COMMUNIST COMICS

GO AHEAD AND USE CHOPSTICKS ... THEY'RE FUN!

However, Clinton has been loath to take responsibility in his failing to guide our economy through rough times, and yet he is suppose to be this magical economic wizard, well where's the magic Clinton? Perhaps if our former President had spent more time doing his job and running the country rather than; flying all over the world on Air Force I, campaigning for congressional races, and producing perverse pardons for fugitives and the wealthy criminal, (Mark Rich) then perhaps we might not be in this stock market slump. There is hope and it comes by the method of Bushes tax cut. JFK and Reagan proved that tax cuts do jump start the economy while allowing people to keep more of their own money. In addition should the congress cut or zap the *Capital Gains* tax the market men would jump for joy and the stock market most definitely recover. During the Eisenhower and Reagan administrations the *CG* tax was cut and the markets bore the fruits of less taxes. Now some people have criticized President W Bush for speaking so bluntly about the economic condition. However, what do they suggest the President says. They seem to think it would be wrong for W Bush to speak against the recession, yet they would be the first to critique him if he took an apathetic attitude. The tax cut before congress not only offers a sound plan to end the recession, in-addition it gives hard earned tax payer dollars back to working families and people who need them the most. Now the Democrats has suddenly jumped forward with a plan of their own that offers immediate relief, but offers nothing for the future to secure the economy is certainly lifted out of the recession. The bottom line is if you want your money back with no strings attached, then the Presidents plan is for you. But if you really think that taxes are big spending is the way to go, then I have a great suggestion for you. Let the majority of America get their money back and have your state raise their income tax.

Until Next time,
David Beehler
Send all love/hate mail to mebeehler@aol.com

i'm so open minded, i'm even friends with those wascaww wepubwicans, & so, here is yett another article mrom my good friend, mr. beehler.
-pete



A Recession Anyone?

Why cant the Bulls and Bears just get along
By David Beehler

It is the best of times; it is the worst of times. The inflation is at 4% but the stock market is bearing down. What happened to the good old days of the ragging Bull, since March of 2000, the stock market has lost over 3.4 trillion dollars in value and is in danger of losing more. The Dow Jones is below 10,000 and the NASDAQ is below 2000. I thought that Clinton was giving us the best economy ever? Things don't look so well for the coming year, but lets step back and analyse this market situation calmly and rationally. The market is down but that can also work to ones advantage. Now is the time to invest, buy low sell high. Another important thing to do is diversify your stocks and not place them all in a single stock area. A little gold, technology, and bonds should be able to withstand even the roughest recessions. I have already lost about 700 dollars in my Investco account, but I recently just purchased 300 dollars worth of new stock. Why, because investing in the market is for the long term and little twists and turns here and there are to be expected eventually, even in the strongest of economies. Now who was the President that screwed up the economy under his term,

Clinton or W Bush? This slow down in the market started in March of 2000, people that is during the Clinton not W Bush administration. Not only did it happen a good six months before the Presidential election, it happened while President Clinton and Al Gore were boasting that we were having the best economy ever in US history so please give us a round of applause.

you know who you are

riod and
vately as

every day i see more of this shit. kids are so fucking lazy! you stupid kids are never going to get anywhere in life & i'd just like to say to all of you: I THINK YOU ARE WANKERS.

you know who you are. you are the kids who complain about having to read books for class. you are the kids who won't get in an intellectual conversation to save your lives. you are the ones who tell smart people they "think too much" bull fuckin shit, you dont think enough so many kids (especially where i live) these days refuse to do anything mental. what is it that th these kids are afraid of? i've heard kids say that they werent going to do something because "i'd have to think"

WHY IS THAT FUNNY???

all kids are thinking about is going out & having a good time, & dont get me wrong, i like fun as much as you do, but theres a time & a place (most of the time, & most everywhere) where you have to get serious. some kids aren't willing to work to get things they just want them delivered to them. well, i got news for you, it aint comin!, & with an attitude like that, you dont deserve it anyway. to all kids who have ever resisted an activity because it was a mental challenge, i say i think nothing of you. imagine, if we let ourselves & our peers grow up thinking like that, where are we gonna be in the future? sitting on our fat asses, that's where! it isn't going to happen if you dont work for it. i work for what i get. i'm up at 6:30 every day, & i'm off to school so i can learn the things i need to know & the things THEY want me to know so i can work when i'm an adult. on the weekends, still, up at 6:30, off to work to make money so i can get the things i need. to the spoiled assholes of leawood, this is a foreign concept. "what, daddy's not gonna pay for all my bullshit forever?" NO! & how do you think he got that money to begin with? WORK!

PETE

15
OINTS
SSIBLE

his gr.
ise see

ading
me p

8

INSTEAD OF MY USUAL ARTICLE, THIS ISSUE I'VE
 DECIDED TO INCLUDE A WORK OF "ART" IN MY
 SECTION OF THE ZINE. I THINK THAT THIS PIECE'S
 SIMPLICITY CONVEYS A LOT OF EMOTION THAT SHOWS
 MY CONCEPT FOR THE MILES OF OUR SOLIDITY.

—PAGE

9

Flagpole Wedding

It's time for flagpole-perching
 and a new high when an Ohio
 couple has married aloft in 1946.

ALLAN GRANT

